

Reach Out (And Touch)

by MyMoonIsBroken

Category: Star Wars

Genre: Angst, Romance

Language: English

Characters: General Hux, Kylo Ren/Ben Solo

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-09 08:32:03

Updated: 2016-04-25 11:39:42

Packaged: 2016-04-27 21:20:48

Rating: M

Chapters: 2

Words: 3,958

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Kylo Ren doesn't know how to dance. Hux offers to teach him and discovers that Kylo wears suspenders. Hux has some dirty thoughts about those suspenders. Kylux. Might make a sequel to continue this, idk yet.

1. Chapter 1

****AN****: Inspiration and credit goes to grody-senpai on Tumblr for being my beta on this monster and their wonderful art of kylo wearing suspenders and dancing with Hux that started this whole thing. Found Here, Just replace () with periods:
[grody-senpai\(tumblr\)com/post/142271068897/kylo-has-yet-to-make-the-connection-that-the](http://grody-senpai(tumblr)com/post/142271068897/kylo-has-yet-to-make-the-connection-that-the)

Pining!Hux inspired by this, replace () with periods:
[solohux\(tumblr\)com/post/141548984089](http://solohux(tumblr)com/post/141548984089)

Title comes from Touch by Troye Sivan.

Warning: This is my first fic. Character may be ooc, and this is fanfiction so it's kind of expected. Certain things were left open for the reader's interpretation so you can imagine whatever you want.

I own nothing. Star Wars and it's character's belong to it's respective owners Disney, Lucasfilm, etc. This was for fun, not profit. Enjoy!

****Chapter 1****

In honor of the completion of the Starkiller Base the _Finalizer_ was hosting a Ball that would take place within a week's time. Representatives of the First Order's allies would be in attendance, as well any First Order officer's aboard the _Finalizer_. The rest of the crew will be required to remain on duty during the event to

maintain the ship.

Hux scoffed. A Ball. In Hux's opinion, having a party during a war was not a good idea. Especially if alcohol was involved, as the crew would not be at their optimal performance if the blasted Resistance decided to launch an attack. Hux would rather save the celebrations until the First Order had won the war and the Resistance was no more. Unfortunately, it was not Hux's decision as Supreme Leader Snoke had ordered the celebration to boost morale, formal dress required of course. There would be one good thing to come of this event at least.

Hux was now currently off duty, on his way to inform Kylo Ren of the upcoming event, as he doubted the insufferable man child had even bothered to read the notification sent to his datapad. Hux did not expect Ren to show up during the celebration at all, instead choosing to stay in his rooms practicing his magic, or whatever it is Force users did in their spare time. The General didn't truly care right now. Hux informing Ren was a mere formality that he was not going to enjoy. At all. Liar, a part of Hux whispered to him. He ruthlessly squashed that thought.

General Hux was pointedly not thinking about the recent development of dreams of a sexual nature about a certain Knight of Ren. Hux buried deep the images of plump lips red and swollen from kisses, pale skin dotted with moles and marked with bruises from teeth and fingers, and his face flushed and twisted in pleasure as Hux took him, as he arrived at Ren's door. He did not want Ren to know of his desires. The General hesitated only a second, stars let him not have heard those thoughts_, before reaching for the panel on the wall next to the door to announce his presence.

Before he could though, the door slid open, revealing a sparsely furnished room. He must have used the Force, Hux thought to himself. He steps inside and lets the door shut behind him. Ren's mask was off, resting on the small table off to the side. Ren himself was seated on the floor in the center of the room. Practicing his meditation? At least he wasn't destroying his ship. Hux found himself admiring Ren's features, as the Knight did not often remove that bucket of a helmet, and only realized he was staring when Hux noticed that Ren's eyes were open and looking at him with one brow raised expectantly. Hux pasted a sneer on his face and summoned up whatever anger he could to cover his slip up.

"Ren," Hux said in greeting.

"General," Kyl-Ren, he reminded himself, replied. "Is there something you need? To come here yourself, it must be important." It sounded slightly mocking. Hux wanted to punch Ren in his pretty face, but he resisted the impulse. A smirk lifted one corner of Ren's mouth. Hux resisted the urge to blush. Damn. Are no one's thoughts safe anymore?

"Not when you think them so loudly."

Kriffing Force users, Hux thought and scowled. Hux would have to work on shielding his thoughts. Somehow.

Hux continued as if the last few moments hadn't happened. "I am here to inform you of the upcoming Ball in a week's time that you will be

required to attend. Formal dress is mandatory and you will be expected to participate in at least one dance before you leave the event."

A frown seemed to form on Ren's face. "Dancing?"

"Yes, Ren. Why is this a problem? Or do you not know how to dance?" Hux sneered as he replied, deciding to be a little cruel. It wouldn't do for Ren to think the General had gotten soft from, dare he say it, _feelings_.

The Knight's face morphs into a strange mix of embarrassment and anger, and Hux now understands why the Force user insists on that silly mask whenever he outside of his rooms. Along with his young features, his face is entirely too expressive. Hux admits, reluctantly of course and only to himself, that he likes this fact. Hux tries to convince himself that it is only so he can have an easier time at deciphering when Ren will destroy yet another console when his mood sours. He's not doing a very good job of it.

Waitâ€|No. Does he really notâ€| "Do you not know how? Truly?" Hux asked, and it came out softer than he intended. Ren closed his eyes, sighed softly and, finally, stood up.

"No. My mo-â€|I was never taught. I was still a child when I became apprenticed to Snoke. I had no need to learn and it was never required of me." He was glaring at Hux a bit but otherwise was calm, if a bit saddened as he said it. Hux briefly wondered why, then reminded himself that if Kylo didn't want to tell him then it was none of his damned business. They have recently become somewhat amicable with one another and the General did not want to ruin that.

"There is less than a week before the Ball. Someone needs to teach you and it might as well be me." The General smiled and his voice took on a teasing quality. "We don't want the fact that the _great_ Kylo Ren doesn't know how to _dance_ to get out. What _would_ the crew think?"

A smirk lifted the corner of Kylo's mouth. "Wouldn't want that, would we?" The Knight stepped a bit closer and his face became serious, the look in his eyes more intense, and Hux's pathetic little heart dared to hope. "And only one person's opinion matters to me."

The General froze and straightened his expression into a cold mask as his heart clenched tight and broke. _Right. Of course. How could I possibly hope to thinkâ€|_, Hux thought to himself. _Stupid. Foolish. Daring to hope like someâ€|some pathetic schoolboy!_ Of course he would only care about Snoke's approval, he was Ren's master after all. Of course no else would matter except for Snoke.

Hux's voice was as cold and distant as the expression on his face. "We will begin after alpha shift tomorrow. Be there at the appointed time or find someone else to teach you." With that Hux spun on his heel and left Ren's rooms, letting the door close behind him. In leaving so abruptly, he missed the look of confusion and hurt that crossed Ren's face before closing it off behind a mask of irritation.

Hux navigated the halls to return to his rooms. Stormtroopers and Officers alike scattered in fear from his icy visage and angry steps. He felt as if he were cracking with every step taken and wanted to get inside his quarters before he finally broke. When the General reached his rooms, he keyed the door open, stepped inside and let the door close behind him. Only then, when he was finally and truly alone, did Hux allow himself to break down and cry for what he wanted but could never have.

2. Chapter 2

****AN: **Fair warning: Author knows nothing about dancing and took directions from the wikihow site about Ballroom Dancing**

Constructive criticism and comments welcome. They help me improve my writing. Enjoy!

****Chapter 2****

The next day found Hux returning to his quarters after alpha shift had ended to gather his workout gear, before heading to one of the many training rooms on the _Finalizer_ and changing in locker room to await Kylo Ren. The General had sent Ren a message to bring his workout clothes as well, or at least something comfortable and easy to maneuver in, and to meet him there in an hour. Ren was late, as always.

It had been a long day, at least it seemed that way to Hux, and he wanted to get this over with. After Hux's misunderstanding the day before, he knew it was going to be an uncomfortable few hours. Hux could practically hear his father's voice now, scolding him for daring to fall in love. Telling him how love is a weakness and has no place in life, in the Order. Those lectures always left Hux hating and disgusted with himself.

He is dead, has been for years and I no longer have to listen. Commandant Brendol Hux would surely be turning in his grave if knew his son was in love with a man, especially with Kylo Ren. He'd be furious. Hux snorted out a laugh at that.

That's when Ren walked in, because of course the Force user would walk in at that precise moment and think that Hux was laughing at him. Ren was stiffened in anger and and he did not listen to Hux at all. Ren was still wearing his robes and that blasted helmet was on. Hiding his beautiful fa-no. Do not think that. He will hear it. Ky-Ren, damn it, cocked his head to the side, his posture relaxing a bit.

Damn it all! Kriffing mind reading! He will be curious; will want to know what I'm trying to keep from him. Hux told himself if he didn't think about it and stayed calm, he would be fine. Ren would never discover his secret.

"Ren, you are late. Take off that ridiculous mask, you don't need it," the General told him. He wanted to see Ren's expressive face, wanted to bask in his unique beauty again. "I thought I sent you a message clearly stating that you should wear something comfortable. Your robes are far too heavy for what we are going to be doing."

Kylo seemed to hesitate for a few moments. Then, he reached up and touched the clasps hidden on his helmet. The mask opened with a hiss and Ren removed it and set it down on the floor beside him, next to the doors. Ren seemed to hesitate even longer in beginning to remove the outer layers of his robes.

"_Ren_." Hux's voice sharpened and Kylo seemed to startle at that. "We do not have all night." Though he was trying his best to conceal it, Ren seemed afraid, almost nervous. Why, Hux didn't know.

Hux started walking towards Kylo and his voice softened as he said, "Those robes of yours cannot be easy to remove. Here, let me help."

"No!" Ren was startled, surprised, and there was a blush staining his cheeks a light pink.

"Oh, don't be embarrassed Ren!" The General said as he stopped walking. "I'm sure you have had lovers," _which I am not and will never be_, and Hux's heart broke a bit more with that thought as he continued, "friends even. This is not that different."

Ren seemed to grow even more embarrassed and looked down and away from Hux as he said, "No, I-â€|I never ha-had friends." The younger male stuttered in his embarrassment. Hux thought it was _adorable._ Hux couldn't believe he just used the word 'adorable' and, as he just realized, out loud of all things. Now they were both blushing a deep red.

Hux gave a little cough and said, "Thenâ€|.ah." _Of_ _course_, Hux thought, _if he has never had a friend, it's possible, and entirely likely, that Kylo has never even had a lover_. Hux couldn't help the thoughts that came to him about being the first to have Ren. The first to touch him, skin on skin, in intimate, secret places that no one else has ever had the honor of seeing or touching.

Hux continued, still blushing a bright red, "There's nothing wrong with being inexperienced, Ren. Whether that's with friendships orâ€|something more. As I said before, there is no need to be embarrassed. We are friends, are we not?"

Kylo nodded his head in a small motion, relaxing a bit at Hux's reassurance. The younger man then began to remove the multiple layers of heavy robes and tunics that he insisted on wearing at all hours, even while off duty. He didn't stop until he reached the undershirt andâ€|a-and the...the _suspenders_. The General's mind went blank and he blatantly stared at the garment.

Thoughts came to Hux's mind about grabbing those suspenders and pulling Kylo close, of mouths meeting and hands roaming. Hux felt blood rushing south and his trousers getting a bit tighter. Hux took several deep breaths to calm himself.

Hux took a moment to wonder why Ren's suspenders were so distracting to him. Maybe it was the way they settled on his shoulders, showing off how broad and muscular he really was. The General decided to leave those thoughts for later, when he was alone and not at risk of being heard by a Force wielding man-child.

"Alright, let's get started now shall we?" Hux finally said. He gestured for Ren to come closer. Hux held his arms in the proper position and instructed Kylo to do the same.

"I am going to be leading today. We can switch roles tomorrow so that you know how to do both roles. First, I'm going to teach you the box step. You will want to move your feet in a square. Now, you want to-" The doors opening interrupted Hux midsentence. It was Phasma.

"General. I have the latest report on the new 'trooper unit you wanted. The mis-" The Captain cut herself off and suddenly stopped. She was staring at them and her shoulders started shaking in what Hux was beginning to think was laughter.

His thoughts were proved correct when Phasma could no longer hold in her mirth. She started laughing outright, doubled over and clutching her stomach, the other hand on her knee, holding herself up.

"Phasma! Stop laughing, this isn't amusing!" Hux snapped, while Kylo made a noise of distress. The General turned back to him when Kylo's grip tightened to see that the Force user had started blushing again out of embarrassment. Hux felt protective feelings rise up in him that he didn't even know he had and rubbed his fingers against Kylo's hand in silent reassurance.

Hux turned back to Phasma and said "Now that you're here, you can help me teach Ren how to dance for the upcoming Ball." Hux lowered his voice threateningly and hissed out, "If you so much as breath a word of this, I'll have you stripped of rank and exiled to the furthest reaches of the galaxy, friend or not."

Phasma stopped laughing before straightening herself out and removing her helmet. With a serious expression on her face, she said "Hux, you know me. We have been friends for years, I won't share something if you ask me not to. You know this."

Hux's eye twitched. He knew what Phasma said to be true, but his newfound protective instincts for Kylo did not, apparently. He settled for saying "I know you wouldn't Phasma. I," He seemed to force the word out, "apologize. Now, are you going to help or not?"

The Captain's mouth lifted up in a knowing smirk. "Of course. Let me remove my armor and we'll get started." Phasma started removing the pieces of her armor, unbuckling and unlatching each piece, removing her gloves as well and placing them on the floor beside Ren's pile. She was left in the standard nylon black body suit that all Stormtroopers were given.

"Alright, you both are already in position, good. How far have you gotten, Hux?" Phasma asked.

"We are learning the box step first. I got as far as explaining what that was before you so rudely interrupted, Captain."

Phasma snorted at that and her smirk returned. "There's no need to be formal Hux. We're all friends here, aren't we?" Hux narrowed his eyes at her and dared her to say anything about his attraction to Kylo Ren.

Hux turned back to look at Kylo and found him looking at him subtly, or trying to anyway. He wasn't hiding it very well. Hux could feel his face heating up, a blush forming on his cheeks. He looked away before it could fully form.

Phasma cleared her throat. "Alright, time to get serious. We need to get this done and we only have a few days. So first, start with your feet together with your weight on your right foot. Move your left leg straight forward in a small step and shift your weight onto that foot. Good," The Captain praised when they followed the instructions successfully. "Next, step your right foot up but to the side of your left foot, so that there is a gap of about a foot between your feet. Then you're going to finish this first sequence by shifting your weight onto your right foot and bringing your feet together by moving your left foot over to meet your right."

Phasma watched them step through the moves and praised when they were done correctly. She continued the instructions, "Now this sequence will be done again, only backwards. Shift your weight to your left foot and move your right foot straight back in a small step. Then shift your weight and move your left foot back but to the side. Finish the box step by moving your right foot over to meet your left."

:) :) :) :) :) :) :) :) :) :) :) :) :) :)

The hours passed quickly with Hux leading Kylo through the steps and Phasma instructing and giving compliments when necessary. Before Hux knew it, the night cycle had started and it was time to retire. Phasma had agreed to return to help Kylo again and had already put her armor back on and left. Now it was just Hux and Kylo left in the room.

Kylo had put his robes back on and was now fidgeting with his helmet. Hux watched him out of the corner of his eye as he buttoned up the shirt of his uniform. Ren looked as if he wanted to say something but was hesitant to do so.

Kylo, finally, stopped fidgeting and turned to him. "Hux. We should talk about yesterday, before you left. I think there was aâ€misunderstanding."

Hux froze for a second before continuing to dress. "I understood just fine, Ren. There is no need to bring it up." Hux could feel his chest tightening but he stayed calm. He didn't want to talk about this, he already embarrassed himself and cried over it. Hux would rather not do that again if he could help it.

Kylo walked closer until he was standing beside the redhead. "Look at me. Please." The taller man pleaded in a whisper. Hux turned his head and looked at him, into Kylo's eyes. He couldn't help the little hitch in his breathe that Hux hopes to the Maker Kylo didn't hear. The Force user's face was too expressive, showing Hux every emotion he was feeling. Hope and fear were the most obvious.

"Hux, I-" Ren cut himself off to take a deep breath, then continued, "When I said that only one person's opinion mattered to me. You thought I meant Snoke didn't you?"

"What does it matter? Leader Snoke is your master, his is the only

opinion that should matter to you." Hux replied coldly. "_Hux_. Listen to me. After you left, I-you-" Kylo cut himself off and took a steadying breath before continuing, "I don't know how or why but we have a bond." The General could feel his cold expression morph into one of curiosity. The younger man continued, "If the Force willed it, I will not question it. You were always there in my mind, reassuring, comforting, soothing. When you left, you cut yourself off from me. Your expression, yourâ€|mind. There wasâ€|nothing, just an empty space that you left behind."

Kylo's face collapsed in sorrow as he went on, "It hurt. I was angry at myself, that I hadn't stated what I meant more clearly. That your opinion was the one that meant the most to me, you wou-" "What?" Hux interrupted, a shocked look on his face. "You value my opinion? Over Snoke's even?"

Ren tilted his head to the side and the corner of his mouth lifted in smirk. "Of course I do. It's because I lo-" Hux didn't let him finish as he rushed forward, pushing Kylo into wall as he did and kissed him like he was drowning. Their arms wrapped around each other as the kiss deepened.

Kylo pulled back from the kiss and Hux moved his kisses down to Ren's neck. "You didn't let me finish what I was going to say." Hux snorted a laugh at this and said, "I don't need to be Force sensitive to know what you were going to say. That you love me? Well, guess what? I love you as well." Kylo's face lit up at this, his young features turning boyish in his happiness. "Ren, I-"

"Kylo, please. You've been using it in your head for months now." Kylo stated with a knowing smirk on his face. Hux could feel himself blushing again and said despite it, "Then you may call me Brennen."

"Bren," Kylo said and Hux's smile grew wider, the feelings of happiness and love in his chest only growing. The redhead reluctantly pulled away. "As much as I would love to continue this, we need to rest. We only have three days before the Ball and not a lot of time to teach you. So, goodnightâ€|Kylo."

"One last kiss? Please?"

How could I refuse him with that face? The pleading eyes and the pouty lips. Kriff, I'm so in love with this man. Kylo's face broke out into a smile as Hux leaned in for another kiss. They separated and headed out of the training room to return to their own quarters to get some sleep before the start of another busy day cycle. If anyone saw the General and the Master of the Knights of Ren discreetly holding hands on their way, well. No one would _dare_ bring it up.

End
file.